

The Colonnade

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Phoenix Honors Five Seniors

Members from the Senior Class to be selected for Phoenix this year include Dorthea Elizabeth Whitaker, Mary Elizabeth Darden, Mary George Leard, Grace Mosley, and Helen Ross Freeman.

Dorthea is a history major from Jonesboro, Georgia. She is a member of the International Relations Club and treasurer of her class; she has also attended Young Harris.

Mary Elizabeth, who is from Taliaferro, is also majoring in history. She is a member of the International Relations Club, as well as the A Capella Choir, and has attended the University of Georgia.

Mary Leard is from Elbert, Georgia, and is a member of "Who's Who"; she plans to teach the elementary grades.

Grace Mosley, a chemistry major from Spalding, has been secretary of the chemistry club and president of Phi Sigma.

Helen Ross Freeman, who is majoring in psychology, is from here in Milledgeville.

In order to qualify for Phoenix, each girl had to be in the highest seven per cent of her class and have 140 quarter hours, of which 75 were acquired at The Woman's College.

The honor society was established in 1939.

Angelo Terrall Heads Aurora Court

Last Saturday night Mrs. Angelo Hunt Terrall, senior at the Woman's College, was crowned Miss Aurora for 1962-63. In her court were seniors Jean Lunsford and Sandra McCall, Juniors Glynnis Mitchell and Jane Cardin, sophomores Tally Schepis and Sandra Wilson, and Freshmen Bea Mal-

Continued on back page

College Theater Slates Dinny and the Witches

By JOYCE JOINER

College Theater is preparing for its "really big" production of the year which is coming up soon next month. Under the ingenious direction of Mr. Leonard Hart, the players will present "Dinny and the Witches," "A frolic on grave matters," by William Gibson, author of "Two For the Seesaw" and "The Miracle Worker."

For the players, and the audience as well, this is to be a different type production from any other attempted in the last year or two. I feel sure, the theatrical department sincerely hopes that the audience will attend this

play expecting to see more—much more—than the portrayal of a mere fairy tale.

The hero, Dinny, is typical of the average American youngman, who is almost without fault except that he is "foolish, greedy, gullible, vain, confused, inconsiderate, lustful, ignorant, . . . cocky, and chronically self-deceived." However Dinny "means well, his heart is in the right place (left thorax), and the author loves him." Just as the hero in a fairy tale, Dinny makes his pilgrimage through life. All along the way he desires the best of everything and believes that he deserves it. But his dream keeps

being interrupted by reality, and finally is transformed into a nightmare, and "dissolves in the triumph of the world as she is, as long as we have it." Dinny was given the book of life, only to find he didn't know how to use it. "Poor Dinny. (Audience), forgive him; he might have been you."

Bob Crittendon has the lead as the hero Dinny. Other leading characters and their roles are: Kay Hussey—Luella, Martha Adams—Ulga, and Sudy Vance—Zenobia, as the three witches (daughters of Satan). Other members of the cast and their roles are: Mara Ozolins—Dawn,

Harriett Sanders—Chloe Sharon Dean—Bubbles Jim Calahan—Ben, Fermor Hargrove—Jake, Hugh Oliver—Stonehenge, Lynn Tate—Tome, Pat Gibson—Dick, Angie Shaw—Harry, and Cindy Bender—Amy.

The dates for these exciting performances are Thursday, May 3 and Friday, May 4 at 8 p.m. Admission is \$1.00 at the doors of Russell Auditorium. See you there!



KAY HUSSEY
as Luella



SUDY VANCE
as Zenobia



MARTHA ADAMS
as Ulga

Miss May Perry To Receive Alumnae Achievement Award

Miss May Perry will be presented the Alumnae Achievement Award three days prior to Alumnae Day on April 28. Miss Perry is formerly of Canton and currently from Atlanta. She graduated from The Woman's College with the Class of 1912, which is celebrating its Golden Anniversary this year.

In August of 1960 Miss Perry retired after 40 years of educational work in Nigeria. She joined the faculty of the Baptist

School for Girls in Abeokuta in 1920 and became principal of that school eight years later. She won nation-wide respect and prestige when she adapted American theories of education to the British educational system and the practical needs of Nigerian girls.

This quiet and unassuming Georgian lady received formal recognition for services in 1957 when she was made an officer of the order of the British Em-

pire. The medal which symbolizes this honor was pinned on by Queen Elizabeth II at an investiture ceremony at the British Embassy in Washington, D. C. Nigerians officially expressed their appreciation at the first opportunity when the Government of Nigeria's Western Region invited her to return as its guest at independence celebration. The Baptist Foreign Mission Board reports that when she left Nigeria in 1959, "so many friends and former student turned out to say farewell that the air terminal could not accomodate them."

REDUCED TO CLEAR! ALL ITEMS MUST GO!

Here's your chance to buy valuable items at rock bottom prices, yes, the Lost and Found Dept. is holding a clearance sale. All items that are not claimed on Monday April 30, on the front porch of Parks Hall, will be auctioned off. You may claim your items from 3:10 to 5:00 Monday.

The auction will be during chapel period Tuesday and Wednesday May 1 and 2. Fountain pens, ball points rain coats, sweaters, and umbrellas. You name it—Lost and Found has it.

All funds received from the auction will go to the scholarship bookstore. So not only will you be helping yourself to some fine values, but you'll have an opportunity to help others too, says Lost and Found Chairman.

If you should find yourself missing your "mink coat," come to Dean Chandler's office and sign the log stating when and where lost. As items are turned in, you will be notified of their safe return.

Random Saturday Night Thoughts

By BECKY EVANS

NOTE: Let me warn you in advance that you will not find much enjoyment herein unless you are willing to do some outside work, otherwise you will find it very dull and uninteresting reading.

From one who is more willing to read what others have written than to submit her thoughts to the careless slaughter of approximately eight hundred people, come some thoughts which are not being set forth as words of wisdom but are offered in the hope that they will afford someone the pleasure of further investigation and discussion with friends or even, joy of joys, some extra looking.

Front campus abounds with new surprises every day like redwing blackbirds and violets. I find a continual joy in the wonderfully iridescent colors of the starlings' feathers and the pigeons' marvelous orange-red feet. Do you know what the inscription on the sundial says, or have you noticed the lovely lilac shrub behind the library, or the red maple by the corner of the Y Apartment? If you happen to have Education 295 this quarter and sit in the back corner seat near the window, then you may be lucky enough to see the first indigo buntings playing under that beautiful old tree, and, if you do, look long and carefully for they will only be around for a few days.

Speaking of birds, I am reminded of Sheen's IN-DIGO BUNTING. Since one of my various, innermost desires is that I be allowed to fly about in some future life as a sea gull, I am particularly delighted by Sheeh's picture of Edna St. Vincent Millay running along the beach with hair flying and three gulls circling just above her head. Enough of birds. . .

Since I seem to be making recommendations, I found E. M. Foresters "The Other Side of the Hedge" to be a direct contract to Ayn Rand's anti-altruistic philosophy. (You might find that Forester's barren road is the one that you as a student are traveling.) You can find this story in 50 GREAT SHORT STORIES a paperback book you can buy in the Student Union. I just know that somebody is going to look it up and, if you do, please read one of my old favorites "The Lottery" by Shirley Jackson. And a friend of mine would never forgive me if I didn't mention "How Beautiful With Shoes." If you happen to be interested in the subject of capital punishment, why not read Albert Camus' essay in RESISTANCE, REBELLION and DEATH and compare it with H. L. Menchen's idea that capital punishment is necessary for "katharsis."

At the suggestion of the editor, in the last issue of THE COLONNADE, I'd like to share one of my favorite poems by Robert Graves.

WARNING TO CHILDREN

Children, if you dare to think
Of the greatness, rareness, muchness,
Fewness of this precious only
Endless world in which you say
You live, you think of things like this:
Blocks of slate enclosing dappled
Red and green, enclosing tawny
Yellow nets, enclosing white
And black acres of dominoes,
Where a neat brown paper parcel
Tempt you to untie the string,
In the parcel a small island,
On the island a large tree,
On the tree a husky fruit
Strip the husk and cut the rind off:
In the centre you will see
Blocks of slate enclosed by dappled
Yellow nets, enclosed by white
And black acres of dominoes
Where the same brown paper parcel—
Children, weave the string untied!
For who dares undo the parcel
Finds himself at once inside it,

Ramb'lin With REC

By PAM NELSON

Every quarter girls are awarded keys or emblems for their participation in sports events. Whether one plays softball, tennis golf, or swims often, she may fill out a Rec Point blank and receive credit for her time and energy. Those girls who, since Spring quarter, 1961, have earned emblems are: Sandra Wells, Patsy Briggman, Emily Arrington, Sandra Rattray, Jo Ann Watson, Sharon Thatcher, Ginger Schell, Annette Bone, Dell Pyron, Mot

On the island, in the fruit,
Blocks of slate about his head,
Finds himself enclosed by dappled
Green and red, enclosed by yellow
Tawny nets, enclosed by black
And white acres of dominoes,
But the same brown paper parcel
Still untied upon his knee.
And, if he then should dare to think
Of the fewness, muchness, rareness,
Greatness of this endless only
Precious world in which he says
He lives—he then unties the string.

I feel myself being pulled toward a discussion of Edgar Varese's music, so I think I had better stop now, but if this madness gets printed, perhaps I shall venture forth with some thoughts and ideas of my own which are dear to my heart; thereby, setting myself up for being "faded and shredded" but also hoping that someone else will be encouraged to react with critical thinking and comments.

I would like to think that this article is going to bring people to say something like this: "I read Forster's story and discovered the most amazing contrast—; or 'I know where the most wonderful tree is, it makes me think of Schoenberg's TRANSFIGURED NIGHT.' (I just threw in that last composition in the hope that if you are not already familiar with it, you will rush over to the library to check it out. I hope I'm not disappointed.)

POLL Continued

Amelia Fagan, Elementary Ed. Major, Junior: I would just live the best I could in the situation. I wouldn't change—I don't think I could a lot. Inside of me, my heart, my soul, what ever the part of you that's YOU, that couldn't be changed. If torture were involved, I'd probably go along. That's just how small I am. I don't think they would though... I mean, if there were any way possible to exist, I'm going to exist. As long as I can keep my mind free, I'm alive. When I can't do that, I'm dead anyway.

Katy Newton, Home Ec., Sophomore: What would I do? I don't know. I really don't.
J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the F.B.I., Author of MASTERS OF DECEIT: To meet this challenge no hesitant, indifferent, half-apologetic acts of our own part can suffice. Out of the deep roots of religion flows something warm and good, the affirmation of love and justice; here is the source of strength for our land if we are to remain free. It is ours to defend and nourish.

News Feature : Moonlight and Pine Needles

By JANE SEAL

O'Quinn, Margaret Wingate, Elaine Crawford, Nancy Edlund, Mary Lowe Thompson, Pam Miller, and Cindy Bender. Those who have already received emblems and now have keys are: Carol Davis, Olynda Butler, and Max Williams.

The next time you're feeling active and want to join some sport, be sure to turn in your Rec Points. Softball intramurals are still held every Monday and Wednesday and Tennis Club meets every Thursday. Come on out and have a good time.

Ushering in that beloved season of crickets and young love, our Spring Formal, with its gilded theme built around the crowning of a best-loved senior as Miss Aurora, was a gay and breathtaking success.

Well over a hundred young and lively couples glided over the dance floor, Sat. night, April 14, to the superbly rendered dance melodies of Jimmy Fuller and his band. Our everyday gymnasium, ordinarily a scene composed of basketball nets and short-clad shuffle-boarders was transformed into a wonderland of springtime glory, complete with pine and various other evergreen decorations.

The highlight of the evening was the usual event, the crowning of the new Miss Aurora, but the beauty, poise and grace of the nine young ladies participating couldn't have been more unusual.

The freshmen favorites, striking Lynda Syme, and raven-haired Bea Mallory floated in on the arms of their handsome escorts, surrounded by clouds of blue (Lynda)

Continued On Back Page

Tommy Cox, Business major, sophomore: Beaver, Why'd you do this to me for? Well, I wouldn't go along with their government if I could help it. Seriously, I'd rather be dead than Red. I'd rather die standing up for what I believe. What you believe is so important.

Sara Stenbridge, Math Major, Junior: I don't think I'd change the way I feel about a person's individuality. But I think that the things that are most important to me now would be important to me then, I mean the worth of people. There would be room for compromise, probably just surface compromise. I think that the most horrible thing that could happen would be the loss of the ability to trust, to love.

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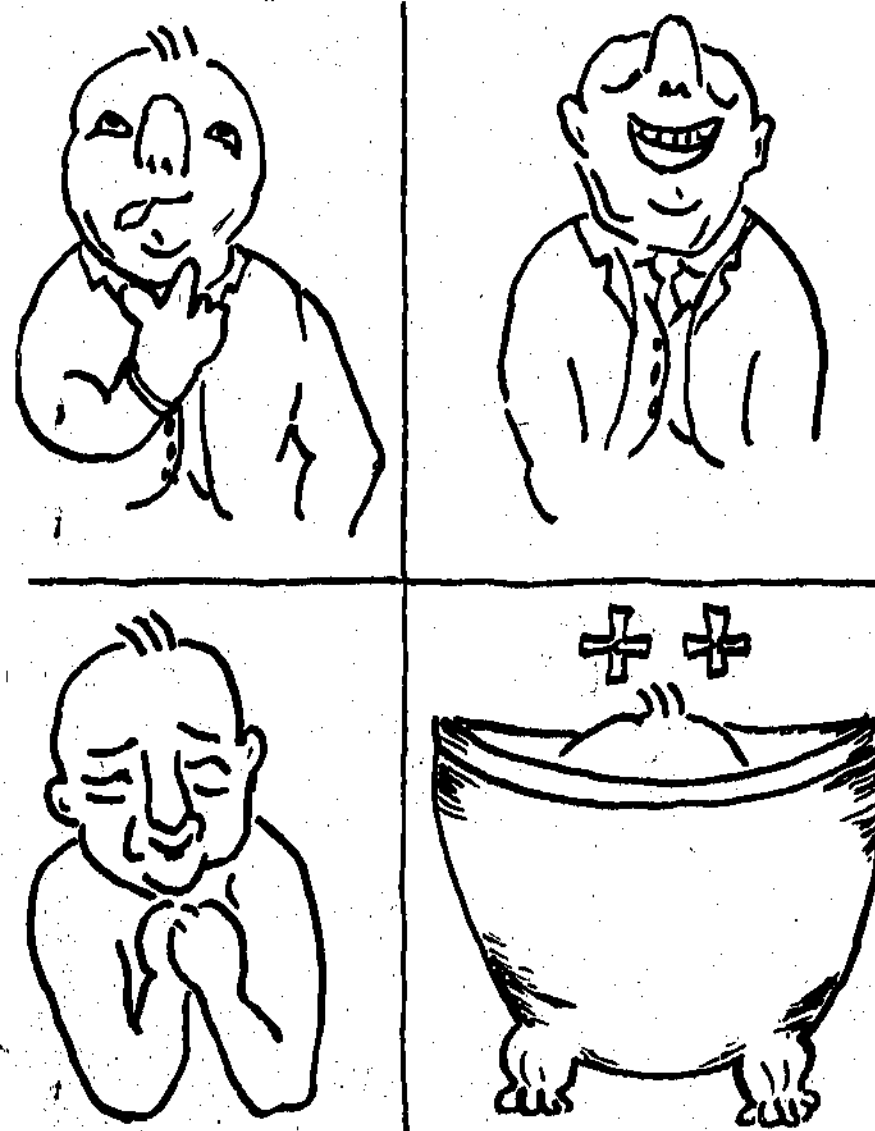
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At Easter, And Alltimes Else

By JOSEPHINE KING

Out of the multitude of sounds—smells—tastes—touches—shapes and colors from childhood are some that went deeper than memory. . . a voice in pain in the night calling to Jesus so softly that none but Jesus should have heard. . . slow hot walks to church on sidewalks moving with August shadows. . . tears in the throat when we sang those songs that may have been banal but that satisfied. . . the voices of so many, many jobs, asking over and over, Why, God? Why me? — and the silence of so many answers that never came. . . smell of chalk—dusty Sunday—school rooms and garish colors on the maps of the Holy Land. . . waiting faces of people who believe in healing by faith. . . the dark terrible heat of revivals. . . hoarse preachers calling earnestly on God, God, God, friend, master, judge, punisher, forgiver, everlasting love.

How many, many times, the name of God, spoken in how many ways, under how many conditions, in what extremities of pain and fear and loneliness? How often have we called that name in vain, and remembered with sudden unwilling fear the command —ment we tried so hard to forget; how often called our brothers fools and remembered the threat of hell.



Cartoon By Mara Dzirkalis

fire, and smelled burning flesh and felt the heat as surely as we were there. Fires in the mind that can never be extinguished, images from the Old Testament, red and awful. Images soft with love, strong with hope from the New Testament. The psalms, music running through our minds, rich and exotic, rhythms never forgotten. All from the Book we never read anymore, but yet know with a reality reading could never have given. Thoughts and pictures that seem to come from the primal level of being and feeling; that seem to have been since the moment of birth. They never leave, despite the fact that we leave no room for them in our lives. How often have we tried to push them out, cut them out, laugh them off; how long we have thought to ignore them, only to feel that presence even stronger.

Our sophisticated minds, so carefully trained to a life of casual curses, patronizing smiles about "religion and that type thing," masks for every hour of every day, flippant conversation, lies that come so fast and easy we never stop to decide if they're worth it. How strange that careful training can never shut out the unending song of God. . . the cross, the pointing finger of God, guilt and redemption, the aching of our souls, thoughts of graves fresh-dug and hungry worms, hopes too desperate to be spoken that there may be after all that life for which our souls hunger.

Review: To Kill A Mockingbird

By CINDY KING

Occupying first place on the best selling list for many weeks has been Harper Lee's To Kill A Mocking Bird. Miss Lee combines two themes that are relevant in Southern fiction today. These are the story behind small towns with all their various activities, and the shame of the "Civilized" white Southerner in the treatment of the Negro. These two themes came to be opponents in the course of the story.

The novel is set in a small Alabama town in the 1930's. The book is written in the first person by a little girl, Scout Finch, whose father, a lawyer, is called upon to defend a Negro accused of raping a white woman. Eight year old Scout Finch uses the language of a well-educated adult in getting across the points of the plot. Miss Lee writes with an edge that cuts, but the topic is one that can never be over-emphasized.

(Ed's Note: To Kill A Mockingbird is available at the library and has been recently

Preview By PAT KITCHENS

In approximately two years The Woman's College campus will be larger by one dormitory. A sneak preview of plans for the rooms reveals a variety of changes. It's hard to imagine two closets with solid wood doors rather than somewhat uneven beige horse blankets against a gray background. There seems to be a glorious amount of space for books without resorting to heavy bookcases perched atop desks. Lounge beds will replace the iron ones we now have. In the diagram there was no indication as to whether each light switch will be graced with those bright lemon and red signs which serve as reminders that the lights must be turned out.

Your creative powers will no longer be taxed to the limit by the problem of devising a method for hiding the bare radiator. The struggle to attain individuality in the arrangement of furniture will be alleviated since everything has its place permanently.

The choice as to whether you would like to live in the new dorm or remain in one of the old ones is actually whether you prefer facing a mail order, preplanned perfectness of GSCW vintage 1900.

What Would You Do?

POLL OF THE WEEK

By Andrea Beaver

Occasionally, in our modern society, we have a session of flag waving, not nearly as much nationalism as we have had in times past. We have a parade with the American Legion, the Shriners, an exhibit of our military power, the Boys Scouts, and local beauties. We stand when the nation anthem is played at a sporting event.

We love equality, but often give the minority a hard time. We go to church. We give to the poor, not all that we have, but a generous box at Christmas time.

We believe in this great government of ours, and yet all too often, we fill its positions, especially in this state, with the most incompetent of men.

What am I saying? All too often our values are not realities, but balloons filled with idealistic hot air. All too often our patriotism and love of country, and gratitude for the things it has given us consist of an apathetic shrug of the shoulders. So, I Challenge you, student of the Woman's College, in the event that this system of ours should fall, and I seriously doubt that it will ever occur, but in the event of communist domination what would you do?

Jane Carden, Home Ec. Major, Junior: What would I do? I'd go Home. I have no idea really to what extent communism would change anything I believe, if it were idealistic communism. But ideal communism like ideal democracy is impossible. So in the event of communist domination, the way we think it is now, God, I don't know what I'd do!

Vickie Youmans, Home Ec. Major, Sophomore: That's hard to say. I think I'd put up with it rather than die. I'd make out the best I could. (much laughter) (next page)

Juniors Show 98 Percent In Elections

Members of the various classes at TWCG elected their class officers and representatives on April 17. The turn out at the polls was good, with Juniors leading with 98% voting. Sophomores followed with 85% and Freshmen lagged with 73%.

JUNIORS elected the following: President---run over between Carol Davis and Iris Barron, Vice President---Pat Kitchens, Secretary---Georgia Darden, Treasurer---run over between Frances Lyle and Sherry Norman, Representative to CGA---Johnnie Ann Trammell, Representative to Judiciary---run over between Edith Moore and Carolyn Sims, Representative to Honor Council---Martha Hampton.

SOPHOMORES elected the following: President Jeanne Earle Varnedoe Vice President, Sharon Winn, Secretary, Harriett Siks, Treasurer, Pam Nelson, Representative to CGA, Jerry Strickland, Representative to Judiciary, run over Between Sara Funderburk and Pat Mercer, REPRESENTATIVE TO Honor Council, Elaine Martain.

FRESHMEN elected the following: President, Anne Marie Sparrow, Vice President, run over between Julia Brannen and Marsha Rowell, Treasurer, Linda Basinger, Representative to CGA run over between Nita Brantly and Gwen Clark, Representative to Judiciary - run over between Betty Ann Baily and Harritt Glenn, Representative to Honor Council Becky Reddick

ANGELO TERRALL HEADS COURT (Con't) lory and Linda Syme.

The Aurora court was presented during the annual spring formal which was under the sponsorship of the freshmen and sophomore classes. The general chairmanships were held by the presidents and vice-presidents of the two classes.

The evening of the dance began with a candle-light dinner for the girls

Campus To Welcome 19 Classes

Strange, excited, friendly faces peering into one's dormitory room will be the order of things on April 28, when footsteps from the past return to retrace the routes of former years. From far corners will the alumnae come -- the first letter concerning one class's reunion came from an alumna in North Dakota. Classes holding celebrations will be those of 1892 - 1902, '12, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18, '22, '32, '34, '35, '36, '37, '42, '52, '53, '54, and '56.

On Saturday morning at eleven o'clock, the Alumnae Assembly will convene in Russell Auditorium where the groups will march in a parade of classes. Certificates commemorating their Golden Anniversary will be awarded the members of the class of 1912.

EASTER GREETINGS

and their dates, and an open house in Bell rec hall. Music for the dance was furnished by The Cavaliers, of Columbus.

MOONLIGHT AND

PINE NEEDLES (con't) and white (Bea) chiffon, net, and lace.

Representing the Red Elephants, "Jackie-like" Tally Schepis and blue-eyed Sandra Wilson were queenly visions in white.

Glennis Mitchell and Jane Cardin enhanced the circle of lovelies in the name of the junior class. Glennis chose as her gown for the momentous event a rich lavender with a drape effect in the front. Jane was her usual radiant self in a soft sphere of white organza.

The three Thunderbirds appeared more like summer swans as they added the finishing touches to the elegant array. Jean Lunsford wore pure white and was a picture of graciousness. In a long sleeved printed brocade, Sandra McCall was truly stunning. Angelo Hunt Terrell was an evening fashionplate in pink chiffon over silk with an off-the-shoulder effect.

Dr. Lee climaxed the exciting suspense by crowning Angelo Hunt Terrell the new spring queen.

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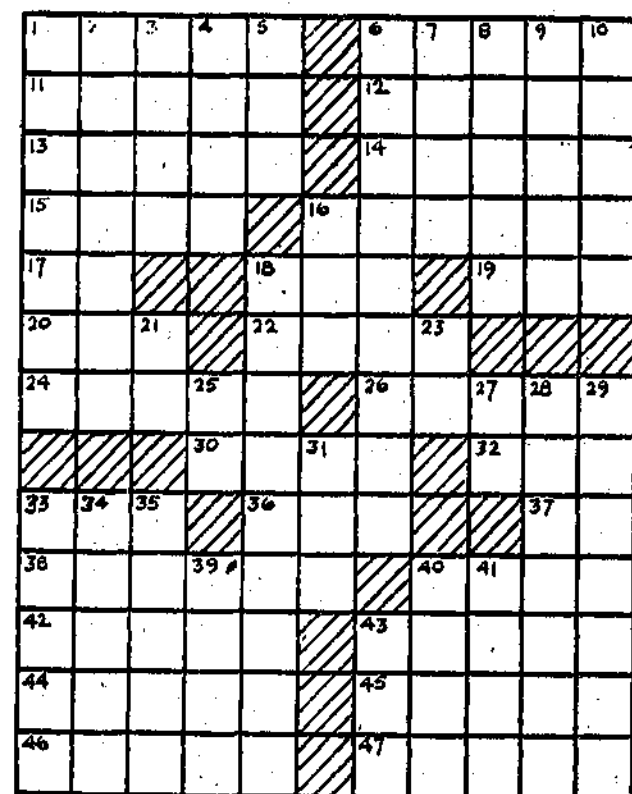
ACROSS

1. Rasp
6. Guile
11. East Indian cereal grass (var.)
12. To frown
13. Willow
14. Exalt, as the spirit
15. Units of conductance (elec.)
16. A sound motion picture (colloq.)
17. The (Old Eng.)
18. Golfer's aim
19. Man's nick. name (poss.)
20. Asiatic isthmus
22. Teutonic character
24. River in Kansas
26. To decree
30. Vipers
32. June beetle
33. Here (Fr.)
36. Water god (poss.)
37. Hebrew letter
38. Confirmed
40. Playthings
42. Intended
43. A treatise
44. Miss Davis actress
45. Of the ear
46. Celerity
47. A deed

DOWN

1. Russian diplomat
2. Servings of bacon
3. Exchange notice (abbr.)
4. Golf mounds
5. Ever (poet.)
6. Lucidness
7. List
8. Not asleep
9. Malodorous
10. Woody perennials
16. Greek letter
18. Gave (pros.)
21. River (Lat.)
23. Half an em (sym.)
25. Gallium (sym.)
27. Paid notice (abbr.)
28. A mimic (colloq.)
29. Braced frame-work of timbers
31. Mrs. Nixon
33. Feet (pros.)
34. Crawl
35. Angry

Answer



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